

Okay, look, I know...
This is not a great
way to end a story...

To have the *narrator*
get killed right before
the final chapter.

HANG ON,
DYLAN...

I mean, just as far as reader
satisfaction goes, that's not
the kind of *left turn* anyone
is usually hoping for...

Structurally, you want
something as big as a
death to be built towards.

So even if no one sees
it coming, they *feel* it...

Its inevitability.

HELP!! SOMEBODY
HELP ME!!

But the thing is, life doesn't have a narrative structure.

Stuff just happens when it happens... and we just keep moving on.

Any shape your life has, you've added later... Trying to make sense of the chaos you spend your days inside of.

Like, 9-11 might feel like the culmination of something now.

Looking back, our minds turn it into a story -- into thousands of them, really.

And after almost twenty years of that, we forget what that day was really like... But I don't.

It was like, you know that scene in a movie when the heroes are driving along and everything seems fine...

And then a big ~~truck~~ truck *slams in* from off camera?


It's a total cliché now, but that's what it felt like that day...

Like all of *reality* got hit by a Mack truck that we never saw coming.

That's what life - and especially death - is like.


Senseless and sudden.






Anyway, sorry for going off on a tangent again... But yeah, this is what happened.

I died.




And look, I'm with you.

Even as I'm strangling on my own blood, I'm thinking... this is a terrible end to my story.



This *can't* be the way I die.



We *always* survive, don't we?

And I still have so much I want to do...



And *Jesus* ██████ *Christ*, I'm in the parking lot of a ██████ hospital...

Is there *really* not a better ending I could find...?